XI.

And has been carry'd on in Form,
With Government and Rule Sir,
Sure there's in Noiſe ſome mighty Charm,
That makes us all ſuch Fools Sir.

XII.

The Court is ſet, an *O Yes*'s made,
All carried on in Order,
To raiſe and gain a Publick Trade,
In this they all accord Sir.

XIII.

They minute too each wiſe Debate,
But for what mighty Cauſe Sir,
They're Strangers to themſelves; but prate,
And gravely ſtretch their Jaws Sir.

XIV.

Each ſays at Publick Good he'll aim,
And each be its Protector,
Too late you'll find it all a Dream;
That Grave and Wiſe Projector

XV.

Shou'd e're a Publick Good intend,
Further than pious Robber,
That goes to Church not Life to mend,
But dive into a Fob Sir.

XVI.

So all your Offices of Late
T' *improve ſmall Sums* were Shams,
And thus the Poor are bit with Prate,
And well-invented Shams.

XVII.

In ſhort, with Grave and Learned Faces,
Ye all bite one another,
Tho' in the main ſad brainleſs Aſſes,
That make this mighty Pother.

XVIII.

Thus *Oxford* with his *Raree-Show*,
Will *Millions* bring to *Britain*;
We need not to the *South Sea* go,
Our Buſineſs is to prate on.

XIX.

The little Projectors too of Late,
Were all deſign'd a Foil,
To ſet off *Aaron*'s greater Cheat,
His *Beach*, *Maſt*, *Nuts* and *Oyl*.

XX.

Britons awake, regard your Health,
Let not theſe Projects live,
But baniſh them your Common-Wealth,
As Drones expell'd from Hive.

XXI.

Phœbus long ſince has taken Peak,
And ſwears you've loſt your Senſes,
Or chang'd them for ſome Bite or Trick,
New Projects, Whims and Fancies.

XXII.

Where Wiſdom is, it ſhould be found,
Not hidden in this Manner,
Therefore theſe Projects all confound,
And raiſe *Apollo*'s Banner.

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FINIS.